

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XIV.]

Saturday, April 4, 1812.

[NO. 24.]

EXTRACTED.

FROM

THE FOUNDLING OF

BELGRADE.

It would savor of pedantry were I to carry you through the course of our studies ; and of vanity to lead you into our frequent skirmishes with the advanced posts of the enemy. Much as I should desire to portray the skill and intrepidity of Kyoprili, having always fought by his side, I cannot dwell upon the greatness of his soul without the appearance of egotism. The war was protracted without a decided advantage to either of the contending powers. Though often sought for on our part no general action had yet taken place. The Russians were not to be decoyed into a trial of strength : but this apparent shyness was, in reality, less the result of fear than the practice of deliberate artifice on the part of the enemy. At length he succeeded in putting us from our guard, in the end to exhibit an instance of more wanton barbarity than which the page of history describes no parallel !

In vain had Kyoprili endeavour-

ed to induce a general action—in vain we looked for a raising of the siege—in vain a period to the war. The mysterious policy of the divan would neither listen to remonstrances for a sufficient reinforcement that should have given us the power of driving the enemy back from our frontier ; or yet condescend to the first overtures of negotiation. Thus were we at bay in an inglorious warfare. The troops became languid from inaction : discontent pervaded the garrison, and the whole vigilance of Kyoprili was required to preserve the authority of his command. From what cause I know not : it might be from a rash confidence in our strength ; but more probably from the corruption of the subaltern, commanding the advanced piquet, the enemy made one bold attempt, under cover of the night, and succeeded in carrying by storm a fortress* we had supposed impregnable against the congregated force

* We have looked over the Turkish history for a fortress as this is described, but in vain. The sacking of Ismail assuredly bears some affinity ; but neither time nor circumstance seems to confirm the fact.

of Europe! The enemy galled with the resistance he encountered, & the loss he sustained, which by his own account exceeded ten thousand men, without breathing over the sanguinary butchery, put thirty thousand of our brave army to the sword!

Kyoprili fell by my side at the moment of defeat and I had barely time to save myself by flight through the subterraneous passage whose key was fortunately in my possession. Having gained a distance from the awful scene, I began to resolve upon the route I should pursue. While under the protection of Kyoprili I had nothing to dread; but now that I was deprived of his counsel and patronage, I knew not how to act. With only a few xaffiers in my pocket—without a friend on earth—what was I to do? I beheld myself an outcast tossed upon a desert world plucked of all the honors which imagination had described in colors so bewitching; blighted were all the trophies which idea won, and blasted all my hope of glory. I paused, then raved; alternate sighs and curses drove me to distraction—maddened with despair I had resolved to play the roman patriot on the plains of Philippi, when at the instant, Mustapha, the captain pacha of the sultan's forces, suddenly appeared before me! My hopes revived at the sight of Kyoprili's friend. I was known to him, and the circumstance of my adoption promised a warm recep-

tion; but he spurned me from him as a loathsome reptile!

'Avaunt thou accursed Allah!' he exclaimed,—'thou little better than thy coward of a friend! Is it from me thou lookest for protection? Behold a soldier! unlike the man thou prizest—his heart beats high with honor, loyalty and untarnished fame. He whom thou hast served hath basely sold a victorious army and his country for a mercenary recompense. Hence from my sight, thou infidel! thy presence is pollution to the faithful! Hence, with this scimitar to thy treacherous master; it will remind him of what he was, and tell him what he is! I received it as the gift of a brave, honorable, & valued friend. Long have I worn it for his sake; but now that I discover the traitor in the donor, I render back his own—begone, begone!—'

Vain was the effort to reply. I wished to vindicate the honor of my injured friend; but the savage, furious at my stay, aimed a deadly blow. Happily I retreated back in time, and grasping my sword, flew on to the attack, we closed in combat; and though indignant at the double outrage against my friend and life, I resolved to preserve my temper, and be avenged! For awhile the issue was in doubtful certainty. A lucky blow, however, disarmed my antagonist; & I beheld the imperious Mustapha a kneeling suppliant for mercy!

The day was not far spent, and the wound of the captain pacha requiring assistance, I was anxious to contribute to his relief. From his side I tore the imperial sash, and having devoted it for the purpose of a bandage to stem the blood which flowed from his wound we moved forward to a neighboring cottage. Seated by the fire was a person whom Mustapha soon recognized as an officer in the Janissaries; but who fearful of the enemy, had cast aside his uniform to assume the habit of a peasant. By his recommendation we were persuaded to do the like; and an elderly female, whom the Janissary called from an adjoining apartment, soon procured for us a disguise. Great God! what were the tumults of my mind when, on nearer scrutiny, I discovered in the person of the janissary the ruffian who long since bore me from the peaceful residence of Morad! His towering eye and fiend-like physiognomy struck me at first sight. For awhile I gave way to the assurance of Hassan to Kyoprili, and in the belief that he had dispatched him I doubted the correctness of my memory; but I was soon convinced the wretch still lived.

'You seem thoughtful Omar,' said Mustapha after a short pause. 'O damned Kyoprili!—be not displeased sweet friend,' continued he, as he darted a significant scowl upon me.

I can give you no idea of the horror which possessed me at this sudden change in the comportment of the ungrateful villain. Unguarded, though he was, I had all the disposition to glut my vengeance with his instant annihilation; but the reply of Omar kept in check the desire of chastising his temerity.

'Yes, seignior,' said Omar, 'I just now remember what a narrow escape I once had in this neighborhood——'

'Ah what was that?' demanded Mustapha.

'You may remember,' continued Omar, 'the uproar at the escape of Zaide?'

'That is an old story,' interrupted Mustapha.

'It is,' replied Omar, 'but old though it be, the sultan has yet to forget his passion for that favourite slave. He had a son by her, as your highness may recollect——'

'She bore it yet an infant with her, if I remember well,' cried Mustapha again interrupting him.

'Even so seignior,' added Omar, 'but it did not die as reported.'

'Indeed! what then?'

'By some means the grand vizier discovered the route of Zaide; but not till he was fairly beyond the reach of pursuit. Belgrade &

nearer town was the last place he traced her to, and then it was full nine moons alter her escape from the seraglio. Here she stopt but one day, and with her soon passed the frontiers of Turkey. Eight times from that period had the pious carmelite performed his weary pilgrimage to Mecca, when the vizier learned from his spies that a person of suspicious character resided in the neighborhood of Belgrade, supported by the bountiful donations of some unknown hand. The information added that he had a child, whose appearance denoted something far beyond a peasant boy. But to be brief: it was soon discovered that the supposed father by name Morad had originally come from Hungary—that the boy was placed under his protection by a stranger—that with it he had given him a bountiful supply of gold; and was then in the receipt of annual donations for its ample support. A diamond too was found in the possession of Morad, which being produced was instantly recognized by the vizier: and thus the son of Zaide, and the defender of the faithful, was at length discovered! Fearful that a knowledge of this event might reach the sultan's ears, and determined that the issue of some other slave should maintain pretention to the diadem, I was hurried to Belgrade with a mandate for the boy, and charged on pain of death to dispatch it in secret.

(To be Continued.)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Mr. Editor

The following essay has been written a considerable time; if you think proper to give it publicity it is at your service.

SLAVERY.

—Oppression with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege man-
kind

—Hear it not ye stars!
And thou pale moon! turn paler at the
sound;

Man is to man the sores surest ill.

In the contemplation of *Negro Slavery* the mind naturally reverts to a consideration of that deleterious and insatiable propensity of the soul to which this highly unjust & inhuman practice owes its origin, viz. *Avarice*. And the survey is only calculated to create painful & melancholy ideas of the fallibility and depravity of human nature, that there should be found such numbers who unresistingly yield to the baleful dictates of a passion, which has often hurried on its possessor to the commission of deeds of the blackest die of the most destructive nature. The motives which cause different persons to perform sacrifice at the throne of *Avarice* are various;—some desire riches because *custom* has affixed to them the stamp of excellence, and an emphatical mark by which the proprietary enjoys a great degree of *eclat*, and the partial but erroneous esteem of his fellow men. Education and habit particular parental tuition have caused many to enlist under the

banners of Plutus. It is not unoften (according to the principle laid down by Addison and others) we observe the votarist of *pleasure* offering at the feet of luxury the fruits that have flown from his immolation at the shrine of *Avarice*. And some pay their oblations from *engeneite covetousness*. Although in the aggregate they all have the same pestiferous and deadly influence on the peace and harmony of society, it is certain he who comes under the latter description is the most wretched and despicable and stands pre-eminently the monument of human folly and degeneracy. For to a virtuous and ingenuous mind it is a painful and sight to observe a man created for the noblest ends, endowed with powers which if properly cultivated and directed would render him an object of esteem and admiration of mankind and an acceptable guest in the regions of bliss, perverting his abilities and his precious irremisable time in the acquirement of vile, pernicious gold; often sacrificing his honor, corrupting his morals, and destroying his immortal soul in the attempt. At the very dawn of life he exhibits specimens of his inordinate covetousness;—he performs actions even in his infancy which bear a great analogy and we prefigurative of his future entire devotion to lucre. But what was only as a germe in childhood becomes at maturity a stubborn and luxuriant branch. Like a true and grateful worshiper the fervency of his devotion of the gol-

den-idol increases with the favours lavished upon him. Most other passions admit of some bounds; fruition surfeits their cravings.—Not so with Avarice; the repletion of one desire only tends to engender others and more exorbitant ones, to sharpen the already greedy appetite for more. Like the fabulous nature of the grave incessantly crying *give! give!* but never heard to say *enough!*

‘Gourged to the throat yet lean
and ravenous still.’

An insatiable thirst after superabundance & a continual dread of becoming poor are powerful incentives, which stimulates the avaricious man to be more assiduously eager in procuring and more parsimonious in retaining his wealth; concentrating all his powers in efforts to augment his adorable heap, thereby subjecting himself to all the miseries and inconvenience of penury without possessing any of its opposite and counteracting quality.

‘O’er enamour’d of his bags, runs
mad,’

‘Groans under gold yet weeps for
want of bread.’

A diffusion of a spirit of Avarice has invariably been equivalent to man’s advancement in the labyrinths of art; a passion that has taken root in the too vitiated breast of man proportionably to his deviation from the simple unsophisticated dictates of nature.

Art ! curs'd Art ! wipe's off the
indented blush
From nature's cheek and brazens
every shame.

In the early ages of the world (says Johnson) when innocence was yet untainted and simplicity unadulterated mankind were happy in the enjoyment of what they could procure from uncultivated nature while they eat the fruit as they fell ripe into their hands and slept upon beds and under bowers formed by the delicate hand of nature ; with birds singing over their heads and beasts sporting about them. But by degrees they began to lose their original innocence and integrity ; each tho there was more than enough for all was desirous of appropriating a part to himself. Then entered fraud and violence, theft and rapine. Soon pride and envy broke into the world, and brought with them a new standard of wealth, for men who till then thought themselves rich when they wanted nothing now rated their demands not by the calls of nature, but by the plenty of others, and began to consider themselves as poor when they beheld their own possessions exceeded 'by those of their neighbours' !

Did the votarists of Avarice in their system of accumulation act in conformity with the principles of honor, honesty and humanity ;—where diligence and active exertions in honest vocations the equitable means by which they attained

their wealth, they might stand to the world as condign objects of pity or contempt, but we could not attach to their characters that, culpability, ignominy and barbarity which in consequence of their repeated and wanton violations of these sacred and immutable palladiums of the moral fabric they now so richly merit. Cursed dilection for gold ! from which has emanated crimes innumerable and the most atrocious : The source the prolific source of the majority of the miseries and cares of human life. Avarice ! execrable avarice ! thou hast been a most effectual & destructive weapon in the hands of Hell's potentate in propeling with dreadful ravages, thy votaries devoted man down the black gulf of infamy and perdition. All the enemies of God and man, every damned spirit of the infernal regions owe the thanks and homage.

Wide wasting pest ! that rages unconfined,
And crouds with crimes the records of mankind ;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws.

Instead of acting consistently with the dignity of their natures ; with love and reverence to their creator : and with justice and humanity to their fellow beings, thy votaries have degraded the dignity of man ; immanity and injustice are promnant traits in their char-

acters ; and they have dishonored, disclaimed and proved ingrates to their God. Guided by thy hellish spirit man has blindly been impelled to spurn at and trample upon things the most sacred and inviolable ; rending assunder the band that should unite the human family in love, friendship and mutual hospitality. The tender and endearing ties of consanguinity could not restrain the arm raised by the avaricious and infatuated son from plunging the fatal steel into the breast of his venerable and grey-headed father in order to affect an immediate inheritance of his—gold : nor the one son from administering the poisonous draught to his brother that he might transplace him and enjoy unmolested his—gold ! Not content with transmigrating themselves from the poles, 'the world of ice' to the torrid zone ; from the two extremes of east and west, with diving into the boisterous deep ; with delving into the dark bowels of the earth in search of riches :—not content with converting almost every thing in the inanimate world ; every living irrational creature in the creation—not content with converting these into articles of traffic and gain, making them serve as means for the gratification of their pride, luxury and avariciousness, but as if to 'cap the climax' of their infamy they have with savage hands seized upon their fellow creatures, making them instruments of permutation, of merchandize, of ignominious gain,

dragging them from their high and proper stations in the scale of existence, as co-equal and independent beings down to the lowest gradation of wretchedness and depravity.

Behold the sordid European transported by an inordinate and diabolical spirit of Avarice bending his course to unhappy Affric's coast. He lands. Peace had spread her delightfull mantle over the land & all is tranquil. But the aspect of affairs is unpropitious ; peace and order are unfit for his damnable purpose. All his powers of intrigue, chicane and deception are exerted to invert the order that prevails and produce a change. The seeds of ambition, jealousy & discord are profusely scattered abroad. They have the desired effect. The blood chilling blast of war assaults the ear. Peace, mild peace affrighted takes her flight, and carnage rears its gorgon head. The hideous monsters of war, anarchy, murder, devastation and death stalk over the land. The country which before was hushed into a happy quietude now presents a scene of desolation and horror. Conflicts ensue. All knowing the doom entail'd upon an overthrow they fight with infuriate ferocity. But the uncertainty, the frightful clangour the fury and confusion of an actual engagement are superceded by the approach of the victors singing the pean of triumph & driving their unhappy prisoners. They are drawn up to bedisposed of by sale.

(To be Continued.)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

POVERTY.

Poverty, though too frequently the consequence of indolence or mistaken pride and though too frequently the object of ridicule, is often the result of a virtue which stamps the victim with honor. It is only in poverty that virtue can be fairly tried, because the incitements to vice are then most numerous and pressing. Hunger and the cries of a starving family are almost beyond the endurance of the philosopher; the dunning calls of creditors are equally insufferable to the man of honor; yet they may be both virtuous although the one should be unable to support his family; the other, to pay his debts; and the unthinking satirist, who ridicules either only because he is poor, reflects not that this poverty may from a conclusive evidence of virtue, and that he is also liable to become poor, without perhaps its redounding equally to his honor.—Let the punster, before he indulges his criminal passions, suppose himself reduced to the state of those who are marked as objects of his intended ridicule; let him suppose his fortune gone, himself surrounded by a family depending on him for subsistence, a troublesome creditor wearing the rapper by his repeated knocks; let him suppose his evils aggravated by the taunting scoffs of some untutored stripling. What would he think of this wanton mimic?

Such, be it known to him, must be the opinion entertained of himself; should he proceed to mock misfortune. Let him further inquire of his own conscience whether he would be proof against the rewards which vice is ever offering to the extremely needy: it is much to be feared, his heart will charge him with a readiness to supply his wants by a departure from virtue, and that he must discover how far he is removed, in a moral view, below those, who, in the ravings of conceit, are supposed to be his inferiors.—The praise of a bad man is but censure in disguise, and he, who values it, ranks himself with the giver: why then, by evil conduct merit the applause of bad men, for none else will applaud. They cannot screen their own evil doings better than making proselyte to their ways, and never will approve the manners of those whose lives would be a mortifying commentary on their own. It follows, from all this, that none but the depraved or viciously inclined will ever merit or receive the countenance of the wicked; while the good portion of mankind are ever selecting objects worthy their adoration and their good offices. A practical lesson on these principles may be often observed. The virtuous youth, who is seen aiding, regretting or consoling the poor, distressed, or needy; forms one side of the picture: the reverse represents the naughty child who banters distress and mocks the feelings of the suf-

ferer. Were every person obliged to exhibit one of these pictures as emblematic of his conduct, we would see virtue, though in rags, escaping the insult of fools or we would see charity covering it with the mantle of kindness.

W.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Mr. Editor

By inserting the following "Enigmatical list of Young Ladies at Greenwich Village," in your Miscellany you will much oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

1 Three ninths of ludicrous language, three sixths of assistance.

2 Four fifths of one of the chief halls in London rejecting a letter, three fifths of a fruit that grows on bushes, and a consonant.

3 A ward denoting a small number.

4 Threes sevenths of the reverse of Slavery, two fourths of a heavy fusible metal, two fourths of the Latin of fire, one fourth of sacred.

5 A workman who builds with stone.

6 The Christian name of an expert Archa in time of Richard 1st and a Serpentine letter.

7 Three sixths of an Eminent kingdom in Asia, and four sevenths of a male cousin.

8 Three tenths of a populous town in England famous for the manufactory of hardware, and a numerical letter.

9 Three fourths of the flower of Venus, consecrated by Cupid to the God of silence, and one fourth of a prosecution at law.

Solution Requested.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Mr. Editor

If we look into the history of proverbial sayings, we shall find them all deriving an original from some peculiarity either in the manners and customs of a nation or of some individual of it. The occasions that give rise to sayings of this sort, are often amusing and instructive and not unfrequently illustrative of the characters of men and of nations. For this reason I am inclined to believe that a treatise upon this subject, or rather a collection of the numerous sayings that are always in the mouths of men, together with an account of their origin, would be not only curious, but an highly acceptable undertaking, and meet with a good share of encouragement from a great proportion of our countrymen.

I send you two accounts of this description, one of the word 'Yankee' extracted from Gordons history of the revolution; the other of that famous saying 'Hobsons choice' taken from the spectator.

'Yankee was a cant favorite word of farmer Jonathan Hastings of Cambridge (Mass.) about 1713.

Two aged ministers who were at the Colledge in that town have told me, they remembered it to have been then in use among the students but had no recollection of it before that period. The inventor used it to express excellency. A Yankee good horse or Yankee cider, were an excellent good horse and excellent cider. The students used to hire horses of him; their intercourse with him, and his use of the term upon all occasions led them to adopt it, & they gave him the name of Yankee Jon. He was a worthy honest man, but no conjuror. his would not escape the notice of the collegiates. Yankee probably became a bye-word among them to express a weak, simple, awkward person; was carried from the college with them when they left it and was in that way circulated and established through the country, till from its currency in New England it was at length taken up, and unjustly applied to the New Englanders in common as a term of reproach.

‘Mr. Tobias Hobson, from whom we have the expression—*‘Hobson’s choice,’* was a very honorable man for I shall ever call the man so, who gets an estate honestly. Mr. Tobias Hobson was a carrier, and being a man of great abilities and invention, and one who saw where there might good profit arise though the duller men overlooked it; this ingenious man was the first in this Island (Great Britain) who let out hackney

horses. He lived in Cambridge; & observing that the scholars rid hard, his manner was to keep a large stable of horses, with boots, bridles and whips, to furnish the gentleman at once, without going from College to College to borrow as they have done since the death of this worthy man: I say Mr. Hobson kept a stable of 40 good cattle, always ready and fit for travelling; but when a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was a great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable door; so that every customer was alike well served, according to his chance; and every horse ridden with the same justice; from whence it became a proverb when what ought to be your election, was forced upon you to say *Hobson’s choice.*’

T. F.

SELECTED

From the FREEMASON’S
MAGAZINE.

PATHETIC LETTER.

FROM A DESERTED WIFE TO A
FAITHLESS HUSBAND.

My dear Husband,

I who had expected your return from ——— with painful anxiety, who had counted the slow hours which parted you from me—think how I was shocked at learning you would return no more, and that

you had settled with a mistress in a distant state. It was for your sake that I lamented. You went against my earnest entreaties : but it was with a desire, which I tho't sincere, to provide a genteel maintenance for our little ones, whom you said you could not bear to see brought up in the evils of poverty. I might now lament the disappointment in not sbering the riches which I hear you have amassed ; but I scorn it. What are riches compared to the delight of sincere affection ? I deplore the loss of your love. I deplore the frailty which has involved you in error, and which will, I am sure, (as such mistaken conduct must) terminate in misery.

But I mean not to remonstrate. It is, alas ! too late. I only write to acquaint you with the health, & some other circumstances of myself and those little ones, whom you once loved.

The house you left me in could not be supported without expence, which the little sum you left behind, could not well supply. I have relinquished it, and have retired to a neat little cottage, thirty miles from town. We make no pretensions to elegance, but we live in great neatness, and by strict economy, supply our moderate wants, with as much comfort as our desolate situation will allow. Your presence, my love, would make the little cottage a palace.

Poor Emily, who has grown a

fine girl, has been working a pair of ruffles for you : and as she sits by my side often repeats with a sigh, "when will my dear papa return?" The others are constantly asking me the same question : and little Henry, as soon as he began to talk, learned to lisp, in the first syllables he uttered, "when will papa come home?" Sweet fellow, he is now sitting on his stool by my side, and, as he sees me drop a tear, asks me why I weep, for papa will come home soon.—He and his two brothers are frequently riding on your walking-cane, and take particular delight in it because it is papa's.

I do assure you, I never open my lips to them on the cause of your absence. But I cannot prevail upon myself to bid them cease to ask when you will return, tho' the question frequently extorts a tear, (which I hide in a smile,) and wrings my soul, while I suffer in silence.

I have taught them to mention you in their morning and evening prayers with the greatest ardor of affection ; and they always add of themselves, a petition for your speedy return.

I spend my time in giving them the little instruction I am able. I cannot afford to place them at any eminent school, and do not choose they should acquire meanness and vulgarity at a low one. As to English—they read alternately, three hours every morning,

the most celebrated poets & prose writers; and they can write though not an elegant, yet a very plain & legible hand.

Do not, my dear, imagine that the employment is irksome. It affords me a sweet consolation in your absence. Indeed if it were not for the little ones, I am afraid I should not support it.

I think it will be a satisfaction to you to hear, that by retrenching our expences, we are enabled to pay for every thing we buy, and though poor, we are not unhappy from the want of any necessary.

Pardon my interrupting you. I mean to give you satisfaction. Though I am deeply injured by your error, I am not resentful. I wish you all the happiness you are capable of.

And am,

Your once-loved, and still
Affectionate

VARIETY.

.....

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

.....

For the Lady's Miscellany.

.....

PAT'S ECONOMY.

Says Murphy to Pat, as they wander'd
one day,

'Have you been to visit Wurtmuller's
Danae;

A fine painted lady, quite naked, my dear,
And twenty-five cents they ax you to
see her.'

'Others may do as they please,' ex-
claimed Pat;

I'll not spend my money so foolish as
that,

Since I can see live ladies painted as neat
As naked, for nothing, each day in the
street! [Gleaner.]

EPIGRAM.

Little bandy-legged Thomas went out-
in a gig

One fine Sunday morning, looking won-
drous big,

And gaping about, he drove over a
stump,

Which gave him a fall o'er his gallo-
way's rump;

An Irishman in passing, ran to his aid,

'Oh my honey your legs are both
broke I'm afraid,'

'Oh no,' answered Tom (with his
breath almost spent,)

'Then troth my dear honey they are
damnably bent.'

LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, April 4, 1812.

"Be it our task,

To note the passing tidings of the times.

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We this day commence the essay of  
——, on 'Slavery' To the free A-  
merican, it's existence, within the Unit-  
ed States, is matter of serious considera-  
tion, nor do we know of any difference  
of opinion except as to the mode and  
time most proper for restoring the un-  
fortunate African and his descendants to  
those natural rights, which nothing but  
power, founded in injustice, could at-  
tempt to abrogate or presume to deny.  
The cruel ingenuity, which originated a  
system so forcibly commented on by our  
correspondent, was of a date prior to the  
institution of our form of government,  
and has been, ever since, the object of  
gradual amelioration. The subject is  
not connected with party politics, and is,  
on that account, as well as its moral ten-

dency, entitled to a place in our paper. We wish for the moment when it may be no longer deemed necessary to measure justice to man by the colour of his skin, and we believe that a rational and humane treatment of the slave will be necessary to prepare him for a political change so much desired by all.—We also give according to promise, (in our last) the music for the 'Hermit of Killarney' and new words as sang by the Juvenile Son's of Erin, at their last celebration of the anniversary of St Patrick.

Editor.

On the 3d Feb. arrived at Cadiz Bay the brig Osmyn, Davis master, of Boston, with eight persons on board, whom he had picked up at sea, from a small sloop blown off the coast, on her passage from New York to Egg-Harbor. At the time capt. Davis fortunately fell in with them, they were upwards of a thousand miles from the American coast, were in the most distressing situation, having suffered very much from the cold and scantiness of their provisions.—Under the hospitable roof of R. S. Hackley, esq. American Consul, they found immediate relief, on their arrival and through his humanity and that of his countrymen, an ample provision had been made for their immediate return to their country and friends. Their names are Henry Davis, master of the sloop, and his daughter; George Painter, his wife & two children, of N. York, bound on a visit to Egg-harbor; (they had taken passage in the Maria Theresa, capt. Backus, who was to sail the next day for N. York) and David Weldon and Pertes Brown, Seamen, had likewise engaged passage in another vessel, soon to sail for N. York.

On the evening of the 28th ult. William Mattson, hatter, put a period to his existence at his boarding house, Baltimore, by stabbing himself in the bow-

els and cutting his throat with a knife, in a most shocking manner. A Coroner's inquest was held over the body who brought in a verdict of Suicide.—He has formerly carried on business in that city, and was originally from New-Jersey.—It is not known that he was overloaded with any peculiar misfortunes; nor was he observed to be particularly addicted to any of the prevalent vices which sometimes lead the mind to melancholy and unnatural death.

†§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§†

### Married.

At Bennington, Vermont, on the 28th of Feb. last, J. E. Robinson, esq. son of the Hon. Jonathan Robinson, to Mrs. Ann Kuhn, daughter of Th. Storm, esq. of this city.

At Albany Benjamin D. Packard, to Miss Charlotte Crane.

In New Jersey, George Page, of Moores Town, to Miss Atlantic French; and Peter Hankinson, to Mrs. Lydia Mount; rev. E. Slack, to Miss Sophia Leak; Charles Howell, to Miss Rachel Erwin; Thomas Fish, to Miss Mary Young; rev. John Lamb, to Miss Urania Minton; Jacob Williamson, to Miss Ferusha Ent; capt Peter Howard, to Miss Sarah Van Nest; Richard Choyce, to Miss Ann Runkle; and Maj. Jacob Kleine, to Miss Lydia Quirk.

At Albany, Henry Newman, to Miss Elizabeth Humphreys and David Morris to Miss Mary Jones.

†§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§†

### Died.

On Manday morning last, after a lingering illness, which she bore to the last with the utmost christian fortitude, leaving a young family to lament her irreparable loss, and much regretted by a numerous circle of friends, Mrs. Forten, widow of Claudius, Forten, aged 42 years.

# FREEDOM'S STAR.

IRISH MELODY

TUNE—HERMIT OF KILLARNEY

NEW WORDS BY JOHN M'CREEERY.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melody with various note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. The system concludes with a final cadence.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It includes the following lyrics written below the staves: "Long, dark and deep the cloud hath gloom'd, that shrouded Erin's fame, Long". The notation continues for several measures, maintaining the melodic and harmonic structure established in the first system.



have her weeping sons been doom'd To mi - se - ry and shame, But

The first system of a musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment, with the left hand in bass clef and the right hand in treble clef, both with a key signature of one sharp. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and dynamic markings.

still in - - dig - nant they as - pire, To burst the gall - ing chain, And

The second system of the musical score, continuing from the first. It also consists of three staves: a vocal line and two piano accompaniment lines. The lyrics continue across the staves. The musical notation includes various note values, rests, and articulation marks, maintaining the same key signature and clef structure as the first system.

bold - - ly fan the sa - - cred fire, Which burns in ev - - ry vein,

2

Again the harp is heard to ring,

The deeds of other days

Again its voice is heard to sing

The conquering heroes' praise,

Oh! how its sounds the brave shall warm

The lance or pipe to wield,

And proudly guide the battle's storm,

Along the tented field.

3

Then with green shamrocks crown the bowl

And toast 'old Erin's name,

While each man warmly from his soul,

Breathes forth Columbia's fame,

He who forgets the early groves,

Where youthful pleasures flew,

No other country ever loves,

To none will e'er prove true: